

A N E L E G Y

O N T H E

Right Reverend Father in God H U M P H R Y, Lord Bishop of London,

Who Departed this Life the 7th of October, 1675.

IS Pious *Henchman* Dead, then *LONDON*, thou
Did'st never want more Tears than thou dost now;
For if thy Grief could but retrieve him, then
A Sea of Tears should fetch him back again;
Such the old Patriarch's were, with such a hand
They led their Flocks, and rul'd the Holy Land;
Such gentle Crostiers wielded they, when first
Their tender Lambs, and Proselytes they Nurst;
Guarding the Churches Pale by their strict sway
From sacrilegious Thief and Beast of Prey;
Their Fences and Enclosures kept with Toyl
Secur'd their *Diocess* or *Fold* from spoyl;
Such once were they when in their Graves they slept
And Company with none but Angels kept;
By them he drew a Pious Life, which must
Like theirs, smell sweet, though he be turn'd to Dust;
He shar'd with them, besides their ancient Seat,
VVhat Primitive is Apostolick or Great;
Nor was his Life less comely or less clean
In his recess, than in his publick scene;
Those gay Adornments which Inrich'd his Mind
VVere not with Robes put off nor yet Confin'd;
To the Show-Day, and so no Longer last
Than the Solemnity or Pomp was past:
VVhen all dismiss'd, he laid aside his State,
His trayn of Virtues held their constant weight:
The truly Gallant keep their Court within,
And are Attended by a Trayn unseen;
Their Masks are secret and their Joys unknown;
Their greatest Tryumphs are when all alone;
VVhat the best Prelate should be, was his due,
Their Orders rare, and Orders Glorious too.
No cruel Rancour harbour'd in his Brest,
Gainst Men of different Principles possess'd,
His Miter was his Shield, and not his Rod,
He lov'd them all that did but serve his God.
In truth and in sincerity; although
He could not every Circumstance allow
As to himself; yet quietly he cou'd
Dispence with small things, so their Lives were good;

Thus like our kind Creator he survey'd
VVhere we did well, and where from good we Stray'd:
But finding Piety, the thing design'd,
Forgot our little Faults, and grew kind:
Yet this indulgence neither was nor such
But that he still took care of's Mother Church;
To keep up all her Splendor, all her Glory,
And leave her sitting them for future story.
He Lov'd her so, as if sh' had been his Spouse,
And like a VVife he kept her in his House:
That House of large Dimentions, whose old Fame
Lays claim to *London* as her best Sirname;
Mauger all her Honour, heretofore
Could never boast of Temple to Adore
Th' Almighty in, till Rev'rend *Henchman* came
VVhose Piety has much enhaunc'd her Fame.
Antiquity nor Custom neither cou'd
Prevail with him to juttle out his God:
He saw his Predecessors cares had bin
Only for things of common use therein,
But his sublime Phancy wanted one
VVherein to pay his Pure Devotion:
A Stately Chappel up he quickly run
Shall serve him for a Mausolean Tomb:
But why alas do I thus waste my Breath,
He wants no Elegy, nor Epitaph;
But durst commit his Body as it lies,
To Tongues of living Men, not unborn Eyes.
VVhat profits thee a sheet of Lead, what good
If on thy Grave a Marble Quarry stood.
Let those that fear their Rising purchase Vaults,
And send their Statues to excuse their faults,
VVhilst thou assured by thy easie Dust
Shall spring at first ---- }
They wou'd not, tho they must --- }
Nor needs the *Grecian* boast, whose Pyramis
Above the Sacred Altar reared is;
For tho thy Body fill a narrow Room,
Thou shalt not change Deeds with him for his Tomb.

F I N I S.